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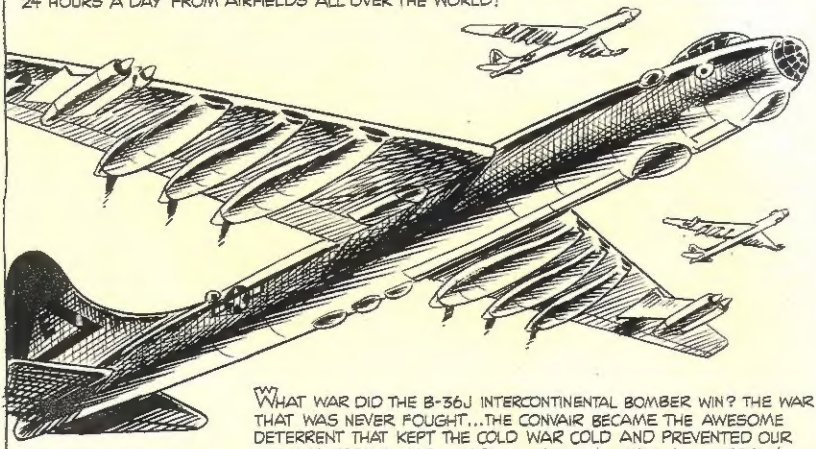
AIR WAR STORIES

THE INCREDIBLE SHARPSHOOTER WHO WASN'T A GENTLEMAN!!

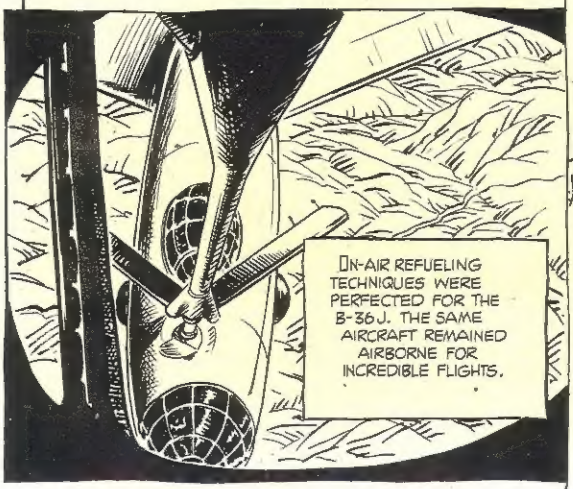
THE UNUSED WEAPON THAT WON A WAR!

In 1946, the Convair B-36J flew for the first time... a massive intercontinental bomber with a range well in excess of 10,000 miles, a speed of over 430 mph, and with a bomb-carrying capability of 84,000 lbs!

Too late for World War II... it became available on a production basis just in time for the Strategic Air Command to use as a nuclear-bomb vehicle... ready on a round-the-clock basis, well publicized so that all the world knew its capabilities... airborne 24 hours a day from airfields all over the world!

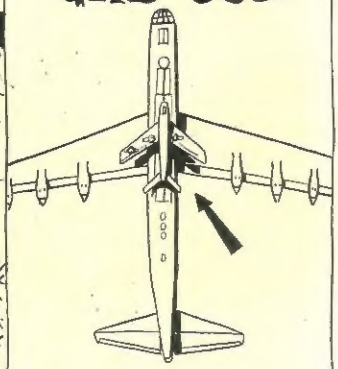


What war did the B-36J intercontinental bomber win? The war that was never fought... the Convair became the awesome deterrent that kept the Cold War cold and prevented our enemies from taking liberties with the cause of freedom!



In-air refueling techniques were perfected for the B-36J. The same aircraft remained airborne for incredible flights.

GRB-36D

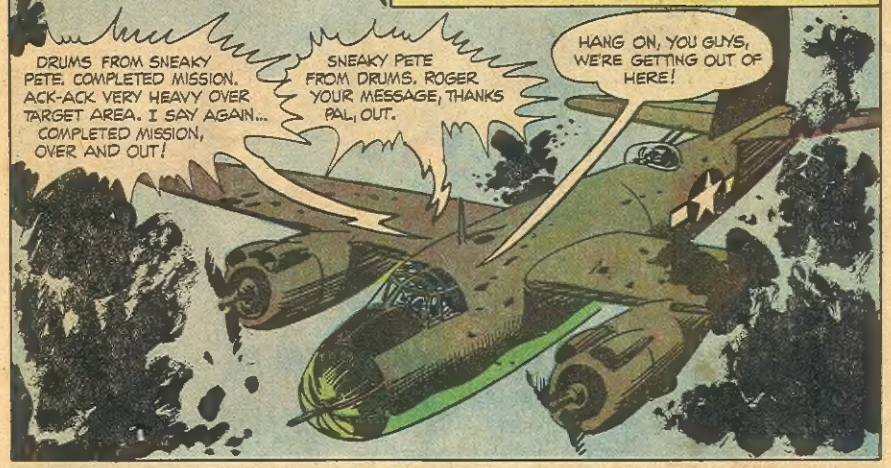


A conversion of the RB-36D, this bomber carries an RF-84K reconnaissance fighter.

AIR WAR STORIES

PATHFINDER

I POURED ON ALL THE COAL ONCE I'D DROPPED THE MARKING FLARES ON THE HUGE PRECISION INSTRUMENT COMPLEX ON THE EDGE OF THE GERMAN CITY.....NOW, I COULD TAKE EVASIVE ACTION...BUT THE NAZIS HAD THEIR SEARCHLIGHTS ON ME AND THEIR MURDEROUS 88 MM AA BATTERIES WERE ZEROED IN ON MY B-26 MARTIN MARAUDER! HICKENS, MY CO-PILOT, WAS HIT BAD...BUT THE REST OF THE SIX-MAN CREW SEEMED INTACT!


DRUMS FROM SNEAKY PETE. COMPLETED MISSION. ACK-ACK VERY HEAVY OVER TARGET AREA. I SAY AGAIN... COMPLETED MISSION, OVER AND OUT!
SNEAKY PETE FROM DRUMS. ROGER YOUR MESSAGE, THANKS PAL, OUT.
HANG ON, YOU GUYS, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

IS CAPTAIN BULLARD CRAZY? WE HAVEN'T GOT A...
THE SKIPPER'S SMART, MACK! THE NAZIS HAVE LESS CHANCE SCORIN' ON US AT THIS HEIGHT!
BLAM

AIR WAR STORIES, No. 7, May 1966. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. All rights reserved throughout the world. Single copy price 12¢. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A. Designed, produced, and copyright © 1965 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

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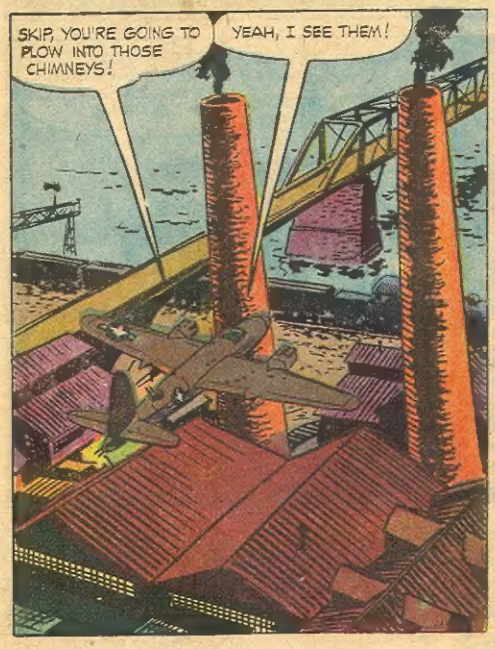
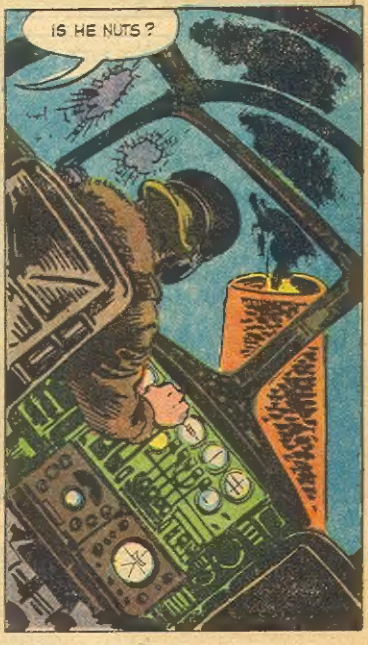
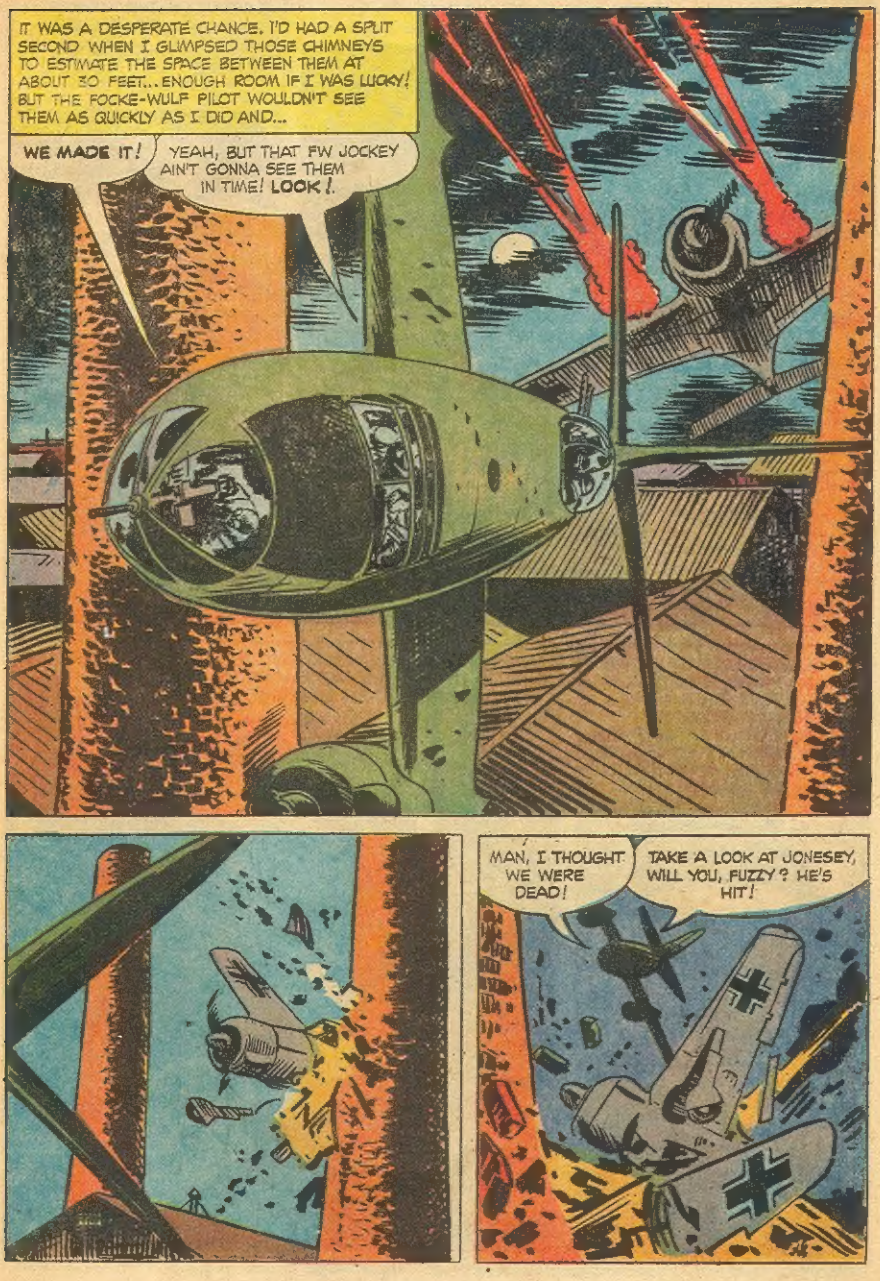
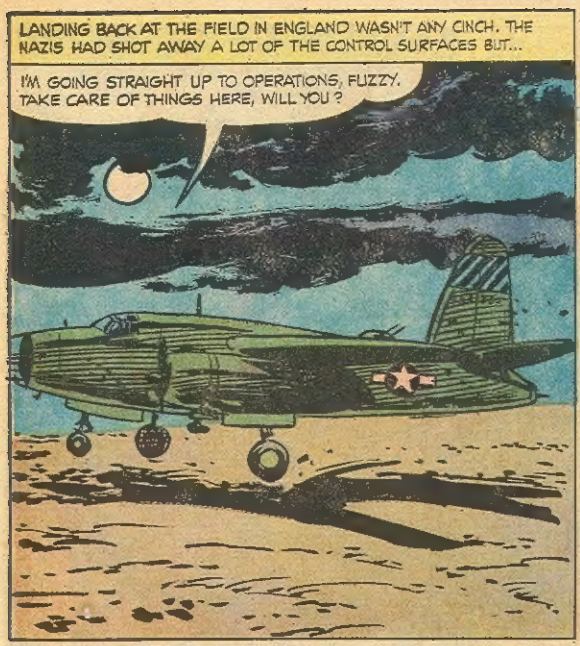
FOCKE-WULF 190 ON OUR TAIL, SKIPPER! TAIL GUNNER ISN'T RETURNING HIS FIRE... HE JUST GOT HIT!
WE BOUGHT THE FARM FOR SURE THIS TIME!
RAT TA TAT TA
RAT TA TAT

WE COULDN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE GERMAN 400 MPH FIGHTER! MY GUNNER COULDN'T RETURN HIS FIRE...IT LOOKED LIKE ALL WE COULD DO AT THAT HEIGHT WAS TRY TO DIE BRAVELY.....WHICH WAS FOR THE BIRDS!
YOU GUYS GET READY TO JUMP WHEN I GIVE...NO, HANG ON A MINUTE!


SKIP, YOU'RE GOING TO PLOW INTO THOSE CHIMNEYS!
YEAH, I SEE THEM!

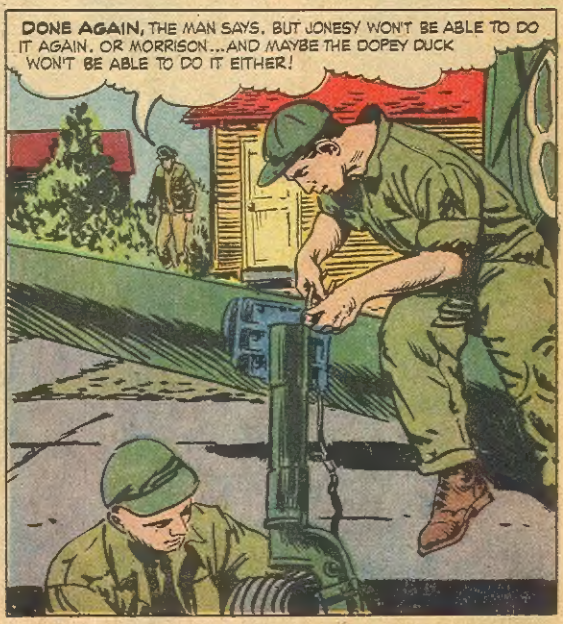

IS HE NUTS?


IT WAS A DESPERATE CHANCE. I'D HAD A SPLIT SECOND WHEN I GLIMPSED THOSE CHIMNEYS TO ESTIMATE THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM AT ABOUT 30 FEET... ENOUGH ROOM IF I WAS LUCKY! BUT THE FOCKE-WULF PILOT WOULDN'T SEE THEM AS QUICKLY AS I DID AND...
WE MADE IT!
YEAH, BUT THAT FW JOCKEY AIN'T GONNA SEE THEM IN TIME! LOOK!
MAN, I THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD!
TAKE A LOOK AT JONESEY, WILL YOU, FUZZY? HE'S HIT!


LANDING BACK AT THE FIELD IN ENGLAND WASN'T ANY CINCH. THE NAZIS HAD SHOT AWAY A LOT OF THE CONTROL SURFACES BUT...
I'M GOING STRAIGHT UP TO OPERATIONS, FUZZY. TAKE CARE OF THINGS HERE, WILL YOU?

AT OPERATIONS THEY WERE GETTING REPORTS FROM THE GROUP AND SQUADRON LEADERS. I HAD TO KNOW IF I'D MARKED THE TARGET PROPERLY AND IF THE RAID WAS A SUCCESS...
HOW'S IT GOING, SIR?
YOU PRESUMABLY MARKED YOUR TARGET ACCURATELY, CAPTAIN, BUT...

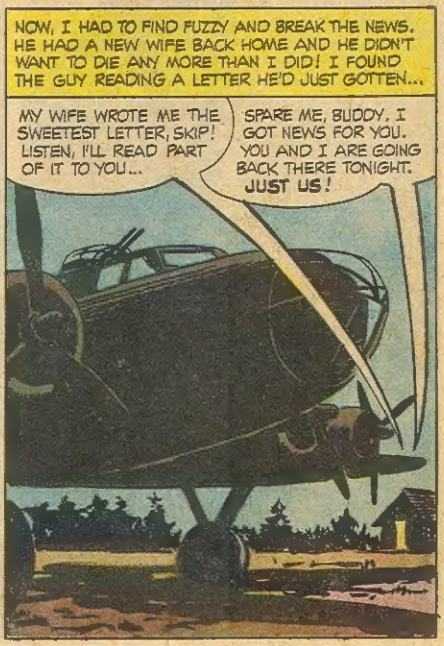
THE GERMANS CLEVERLY SET OFF MARKING FLARES EXACTLY LIKE YOURS IN FOUR OTHER AREAS... MARSHLANDS AND EMPTY FIELDS, NATURALLY! MANY OF OUR BOMBS WERE DROPPED ON THESE DECOY TARGETS! IT WILL HAVE TO BE DONE AGAIN, I'M AFRAID!
L.C.
115


DONE AGAIN, THE MAN SAYS. BUT JONESY WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT AGAIN. OR MORRISON...AND MAYBE THE DOPEY DUCK WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT EITHER!

I GOT THE WORD ABOUT THE JOB WE'D DONE NEXT AFTERNOON.
OUR INFORMANTS TELL US THAT YOUR MARKER FLARES WERE RIGHT ON THE FACTORY, CAPTAIN BULLARD. YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB AND I'VE REQUESTED OFFICIAL RECOGNITION FOR YOU AND YOUR CREW.
I'LL PIN JONESY'S MEDAL ON HIS SHROUD, GENERAL. THE TARGET WASN'T DESTROYED, I TAKE IT.

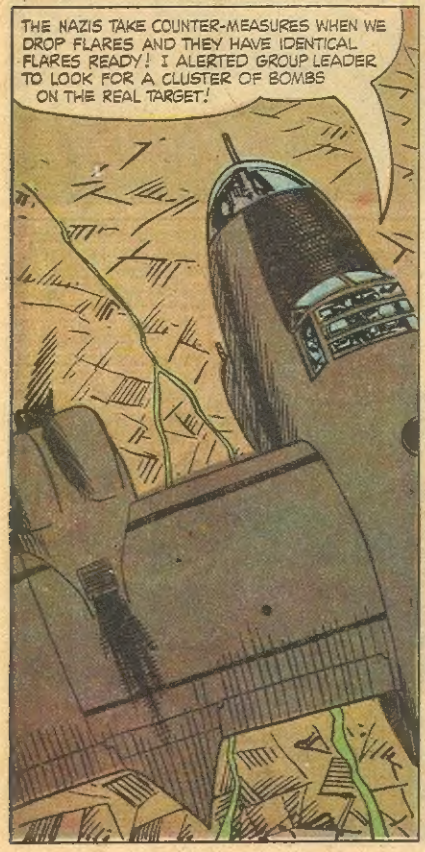
NO...AND WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO MARK THE SAME TARGET AGAIN TONIGHT!
TWO OF MY CREW WERE KILLED, GENERAL. THE GERMANS KNOW WE FAILED LAST NIGHT...THEY'LL FIGURE WE'LL BE BACK TONIGHT! AND THEY'LL BE LAYING FOR MY PLANE ESPECIALLY!

ARE YOU REFUSING TO MAKE THIS FLIGHT, CAPTAIN?
NO, GENERAL. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO GET THAT MANY MEN KILLED AGAIN. I'LL GO BUT I'M TAKING A NAVIGATOR ALONG AND THAT'S ALL!


NOW, I HAD TO FIND FUZZY AND BREAK THE NEWS. HE HAD A NEW WIFE BACK HOME AND HE DIDN'T WANT TO DIE ANY MORE THAN I DID! I FOUND THE GUY READING A LETTER HE'D JUST GOTTEN...
MY WIFE WROTE ME THE SWEETEST LETTER, SKIP! LISTEN, I'LL READ PART OF IT TO YOU...
SPARE ME, BUDDY. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU. YOU AND I ARE GOING BACK THERE TONIGHT. JUST US!

YOU FOR REAL, SKIP ?
AFRAID SO, FUZZY. WE'LL CARRY FLARES AND A MAXIMUM LOAD OF BOMBS. YOU GET US OVER THE TARGET. FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE, I'M ORDERING YOU TO BAIL OUT. THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE!

TAKE-OFF 2130 HOURS. ETA OVER TARGET 2345 HOURS. THE B-26 ROSE SLUGGISHLY, WEIGHTED DOWN WITH AN OVERLOAD OF BOMBS...
WHY ALL THE BOMBS, SKIPPER ?


THE NAZIS TAKE COUNTER-MEASURES WHEN WE DROP FLARES AND THEY HAVE IDENTICAL FLARES READY! I ALERTED GROUP LEADER TO LOOK FOR A CLUSTER OF BOMBS ON THE REAL TARGET!

THEY WERE WAITING FOR US. A SEARCHLIGHT NAILED US AS WE WENT OVER THE NETHERLANDS COAST...
JAH. EIN AMERIKANISCHER PATHFINDER. JAHWOHL!

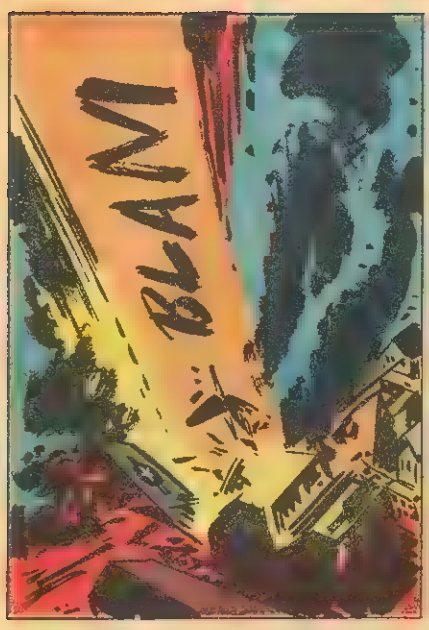
THEY HIT US WITH THE WORKS TEN MILES FROM TARGET! SEARCHLIGHTS, ACK-ACK, AND A FLIGHT OF FOCKE-WULF 190'S.
WHAT'S THE COURSE TO TARGET NOW, FUZZY? FUZZY, ANSWER ME!
HE'S HIT...GOT TO SET THIS THING ON AUTO-MATIC PILOT! I'M NOT TAKIN' HIM WHERE I'M GOING!
RATTA
RAT TA TAT TAT

IT WAS TAKING ON THE QUALITIES OF A NIGHTMARE. I GOT BACK TO FUZZY AND DUMPED HIM WITH A FERVENT PRAYER.

DRUMS FROM SNEAKY PETE. DON'T LOOK FOR FLARES, LOOK FOR A CLUSTER OF BOMB HITS...I'M GOING OVER THE TARGET NOW!

NEIN, SNEAKY PETE. YOU WILL NOT DROP BOMBS TONIGHT! YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!
RAT! TA

THEY HIT ME WITH BULLETS, SHELLS, AND A COUPLE OF SLEDGEHAMMERS! ONE ENGINE WAS OUT, THE OTHER WAS OVERHEATING FAST...AND I WAS WOUNDED. IT LOOKED LIKE I WOULDN'T GET TO MARK THE TARGET EVER AGAIN!
YOU ARE FINISHED. YOU HAVE A PARACHUTE. BAIL OUT!
RAT-TA-TAT-TAT
DRUMS FROM SNEAKY PETE. AM GOING IN NOW TO MARK THE TARGET. DO NOT LOOK FOR FLARES. AM MARKING WITH DIRECT BOMB HIT RIGHT ON TARGET!
BEOW
RAT-TA-TAT
ZIP
HIMMEL! THE PATHFINDER PLANE GOT THROUGH...WE ARE DOOMED!



THE BIG BOMBERS DRONED IN, CRISS-CROSSING AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS OVER THE SHATTERED INSTRUMENT FACTORIES BELOW! THOUSANDS OF TONS OF BOMBS SMASHED HITLER'S DREAMS INTO NIGHTMARES THAT NIGHT...

DID ANYONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PATHFINDER?

A LEAD BOMBER RADIOED IT WENT STRAIGHT INTO THE TARGET, SIR. THE PILOT STAYED WITH THE PLANE.

BUT THEY WERE WRONG. I HADN'T STAYED WITH THE PLANE! AT THE LAST SECOND, WHEN I KNEW THE BOMBER WOULD HIT THE TARGET, I'D BAILED OUT! TOO LOW, OF COURSE...AND I WAS CAUGHT IN THE BLAST...

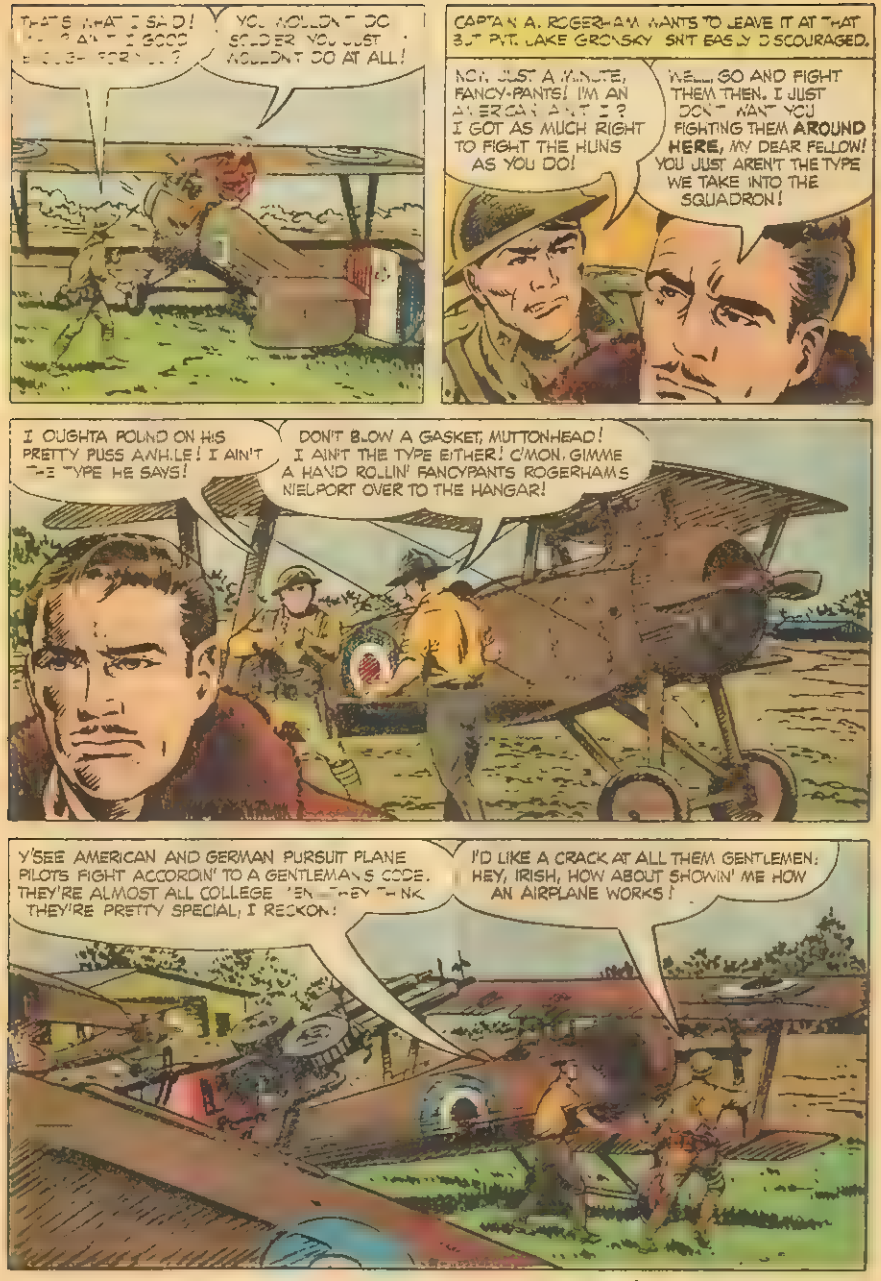
BUT I LIVED, THANKS TO A CRACKERJACK GERMAN DOCTOR...AND THEY TOLD ME THE RESULTS OF MY MISSION FOUR DAYS LATER WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE COMA I'D BEEN IN.

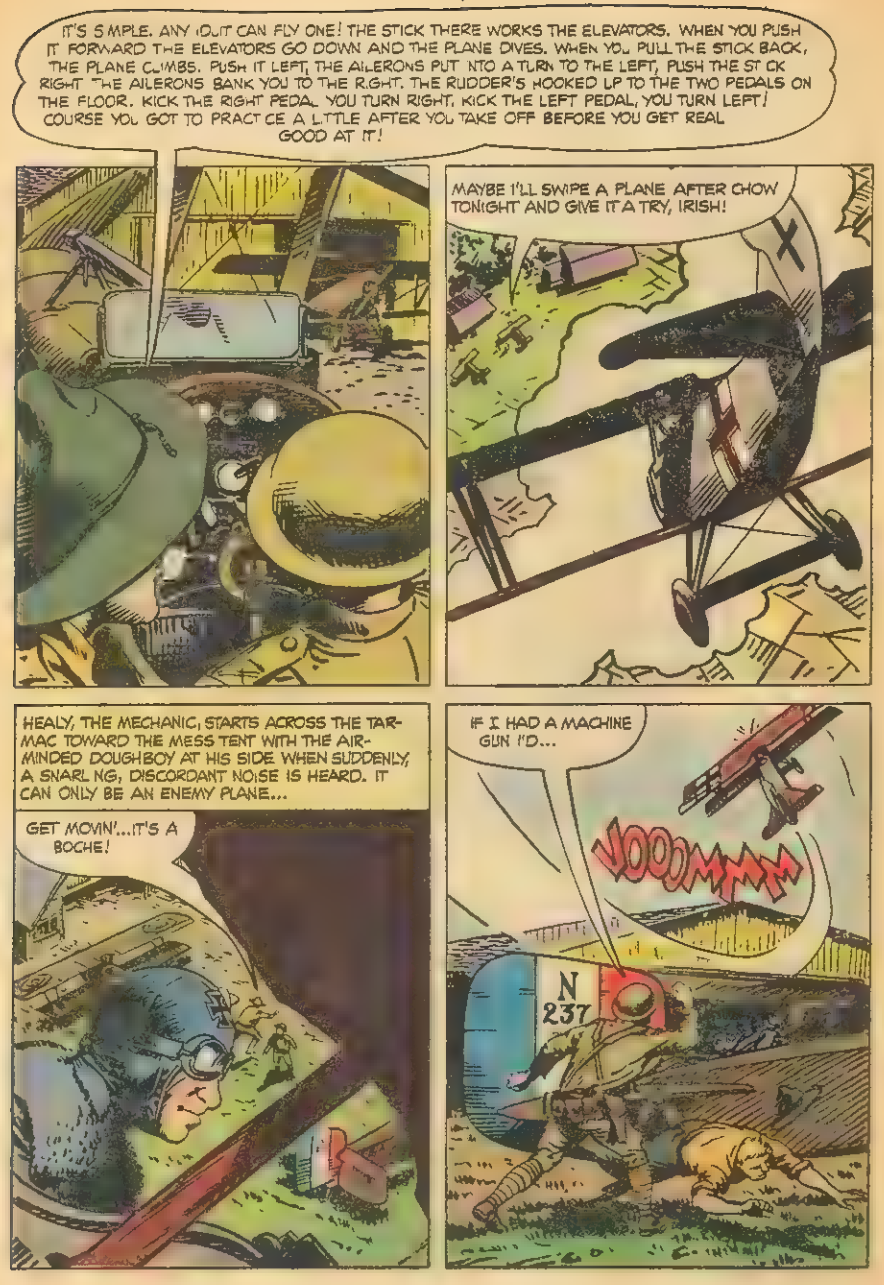
YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT YOU SUCCEEDED BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS, CAPTAIN BULLARD. AND YOUR NAVIGATOR, CAPTAIN BEAUCHAMP, WILL LIVE, I BELIEVE.

THANKS, DOCTOR. MAYBE THIS WAR'LL END A LITTLE SOONER...BECAUSE OF WHAT I DID THE OTHER NIGHT. I HOPE.

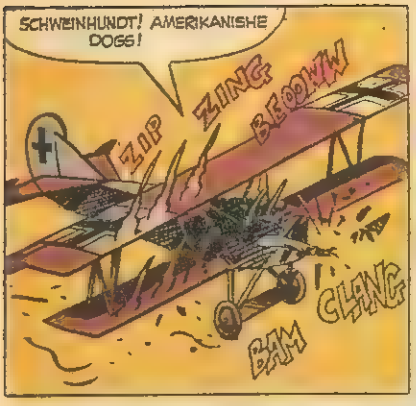
The End

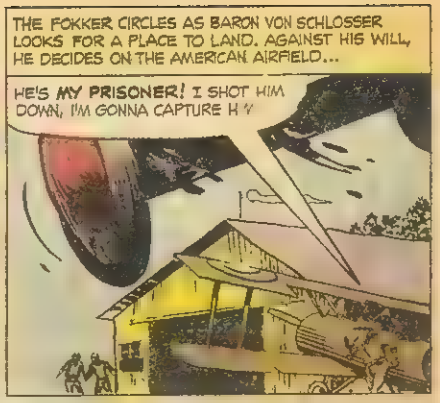
AIR WAR STORIES
GENTLEMAN'S WAR
FRANCE, 1918, CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ROGERHAM AMERICAN ACE, IS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND SHOOT DOWN THE FAMED BARON OTTO VON SCHLOSSER, FOREMOST FIGHTER PILOT OF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE!
BUT THE BURST ISN'T FIRED. BARON VON SCHLOSSER ISN'T KILLED!...THE BARON'S GUNS JAMMED...AND HE IS SIGNALING TO CAPTAIN ROGERHAM...THE AIR DUEL IS POSTPONED...
BLAST THE LUCK! VON SCHLOSSER'S GUNS WOULD JAM JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO GET HIM IN MY SIGHTS!
S.J.G
LATER CAPT. A. ROGERHAM BRINGS HIS PLANE IN FOR A LANDING...
I WONDER WHO THAT FELLOW IS? HE'S GOT NO STYLE... NO STYLE AT ALL!
HIYA, CAPTAIN. MY NAME'S JAKE GRONSKY. I COME OVER FROM CHATEAU THIERRY TO JOIN UP WITH THE ARMY A.R CORPS.
I BEG YOUR PARDON? DID YOU SAY ...JOIN UP?


THAT'S WHAT I SAID! I AIN'T I GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?
YOU WOULDN'T DO SOLDIER, YOU JUST WOULDN'T DO AT ALL!
CAPTAIN A. ROGERHAM WANTS TO LEAVE IT AT THAT BUT PVT. LAKE GROWSKY ISN'T EASILY DISCOURAGED.
NOT JUST A MINUTE, FANCY-PANTS! I'M AN AMERICAN AIN'T I? I GOT AS MUCH RIGHT TO FIGHT THE HUNS AS YOU DO!
WELL, GO AND FIGHT THEM THEN. I JUST DON'T WANT YOU FIGHTING THEM AROUND HERE, MY DEAR FELLOW! YOU JUST AREN'T THE TYPE WE TAKE INTO THE SQUADRON!
I OUGHTA POUND ON HIS PRETTY PUSS ANKLE! I AIN'T THE TYPE HE SAYS!
DON'T BLOW A GASKET, MUTTONHEAD! I AIN'T THE TYPE EITHER! C'MON, GIMME A HAND ROLLIN' FANCYPANTS ROGERHAMS NIEUPORT OVER TO THE HANGAR!
Y'SEE AMERICAN AND GERMAN PURSUIT PLANE PILOTS FIGHT ACCORDIN' TO A GENTLEMAN'S CODE. THEY'RE ALMOST ALL COLLEGE MEN—THEY THINK THEY'RE PRETTY SPECIAL, I RECKON!
I'D LIKE A CRACK AT ALL THEM GENTLEMEN! HEY, IRISH, HOW ABOUT SHOWIN' ME HOW AN AIRPLANE WORKS!


IT'S SIMPLE. ANY IDIOT CAN FLY ONE! THE STICK THERE WORKS THE ELEVATORS. WHEN YOU PUSH IT FORWARD THE ELEVATORS GO DOWN AND THE PLANE DIVES. WHEN YOU PULL THE STICK BACK, THE PLANE CLIMBS. PUSH IT LEFT, THE AILERONS PUT INTO A TURN TO THE LEFT, PUSH THE STICK RIGHT THE AILERONS BANK YOU TO THE RIGHT. THE RUDDER'S HOOKED UP TO THE TWO PEDALS ON THE FLOOR. KICK THE RIGHT PEDAL YOU TURN RIGHT, KICK THE LEFT PEDAL, YOU TURN LEFT! COURSE YOU GOT TO PRACTICE A LITTLE AFTER YOU TAKE OFF BEFORE YOU GET REAL GOOD AT IT!
MAYBE I'LL SWIPE A PLANE AFTER CHOW TONIGHT AND GIVE IT A TRY, IRISH!
HEALY, THE MECHANIC, STARTS ACROSS THE TARMAC TOWARD THE MESS TENT WITH THE AIR-MINDED DOUGHBOY AT HIS SIDE WHEN SUDDENLY, A SNARLING, DISCORDANT NOISE IS HEARD. IT CAN ONLY BE AN ENEMY PLANE...
GET MOVIN'...IT'S A BOCHE!
IF I HAD A MACHINE GUN I'D...
VOOOMMM
N 237

AS THE FOKKER WITH THE SMILING BARON TURNS, GRONSKY IS RACING TOWARD AN OBSERVATION PLANE, A TWO-SEATER WITH A VICKERS M.G. MOUNTED ON THE REAR COCKPIT...
PART MY HAIR WITH HIS PROPELLER, WILL HE?
EVEN A COWARDLY AMERIKANER WILL NOT IGNORE THE CHALLENGE OF A GENTLEMAN!
LET'S HAVE IT, HEALY! VON SCHLOSSER DELIVERED HIS CHALLENGE PERSONALLY THIS TIME. IT'S QUITE AN HONOR. QUITE!
AND INTO THIS HONORABLE EXCHANGE OF GENTLEMANLY CHALLENGE AND GENTEEL ACCEPTANCE...A BARBARIAN INTRUDES...ANNOUNCING HIS PARTICIPATION WITH A LONG BURST FROM A .30 CAL VICKERS M.G.!
HATE TO BUST UP YOUR TEA-PARTY...BUT FOR THE REST OF US SLOBS THERE'S A WAR ON!

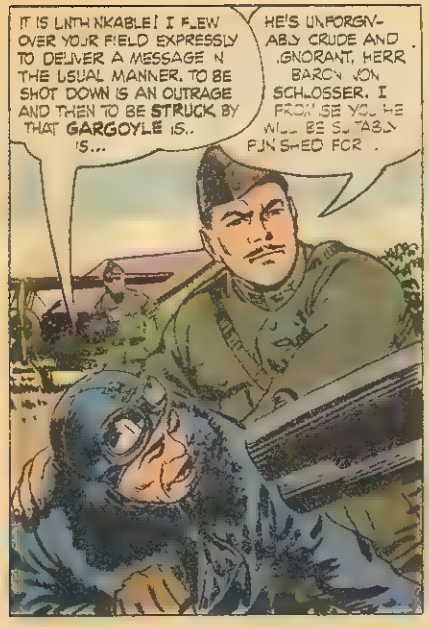

SCHWEINHUNDT! AMERIKANISHE DOGS!
ZIP
ZING
BLOOIW
BAM
CLING


THE FOKKER CIRCLES AS BARON VON SCHLOSSER LOOKS FOR A PLACE TO LAND. AGAINST HIS WILL, HE DECIDES ON THE AMERICAN AIRFIELD...
HE'S MY PRISONER! I SHOT HIM DOWN, I'M GONNA CAPTURE H'M

YOU'RE MY PRISONER, FRITZ! I SHOT YA DOWN, AND I...
YOU ADMIT YOUR CRIMINAL ACTION! YOU IMBECILIC DOLT, YOU BARBAROUS PEASANT, YOU..

I SHOULD HORSEWHIP YOU, HAVE YOU SHOT, SENT TO..
ARE YOU NUTS?

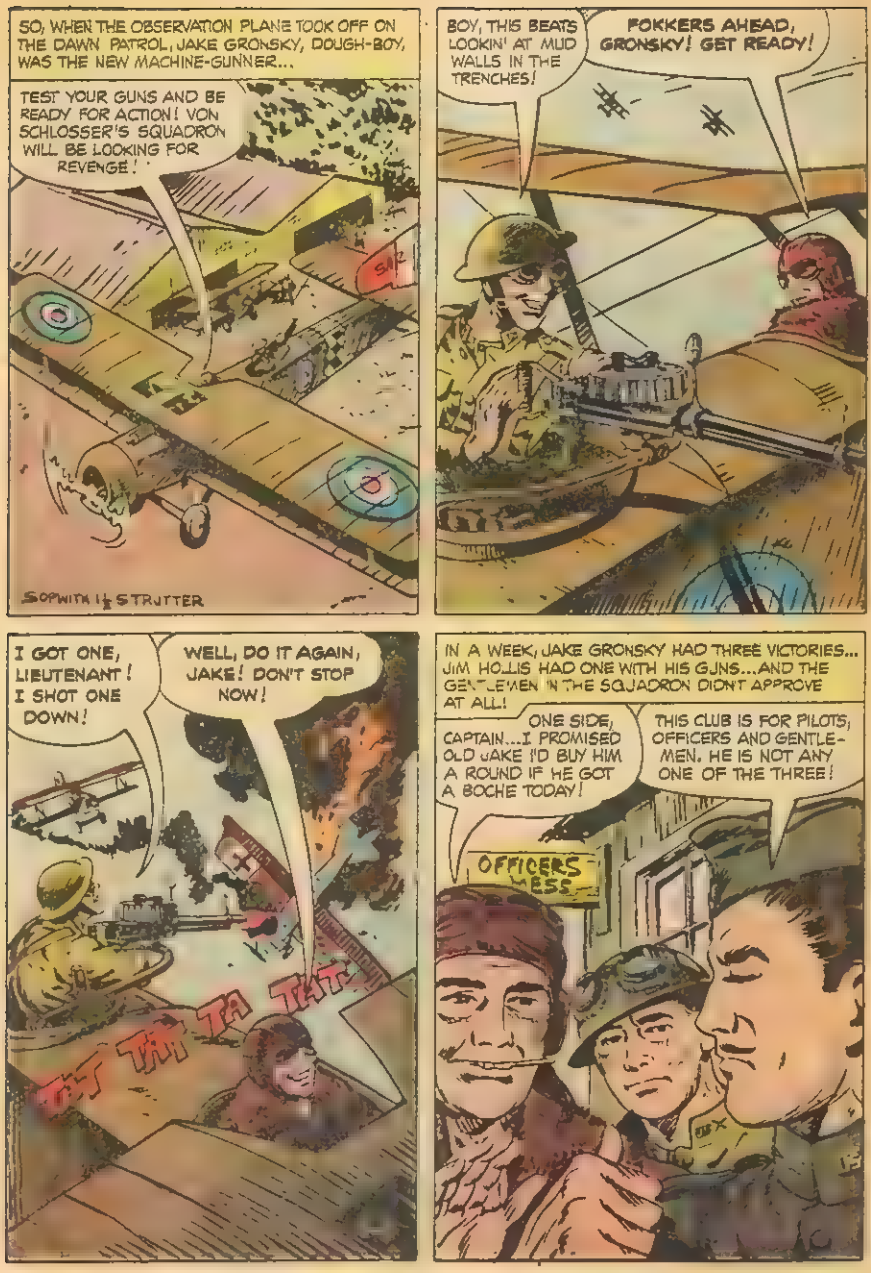
OH, NO! HE STRUCK HIM TOO!


IT IS UNTHINKABLE! I FLEW OVER YOUR FIELD EXPRESSLY TO DELIVER A MESSAGE IN THE USUAL MANNER, TO BE SHOT DOWN IS AN OUTRAGE AND THEN TO BE STRUCK BY THAT GARGOYLE IS...
HE'S UNFORGIVABLY CRUDE AND IGNORANT, HERR BARON VON SCHLOSSER. I PROMISE YOU HE WILL BE SUITABLY PUNISHED FOR

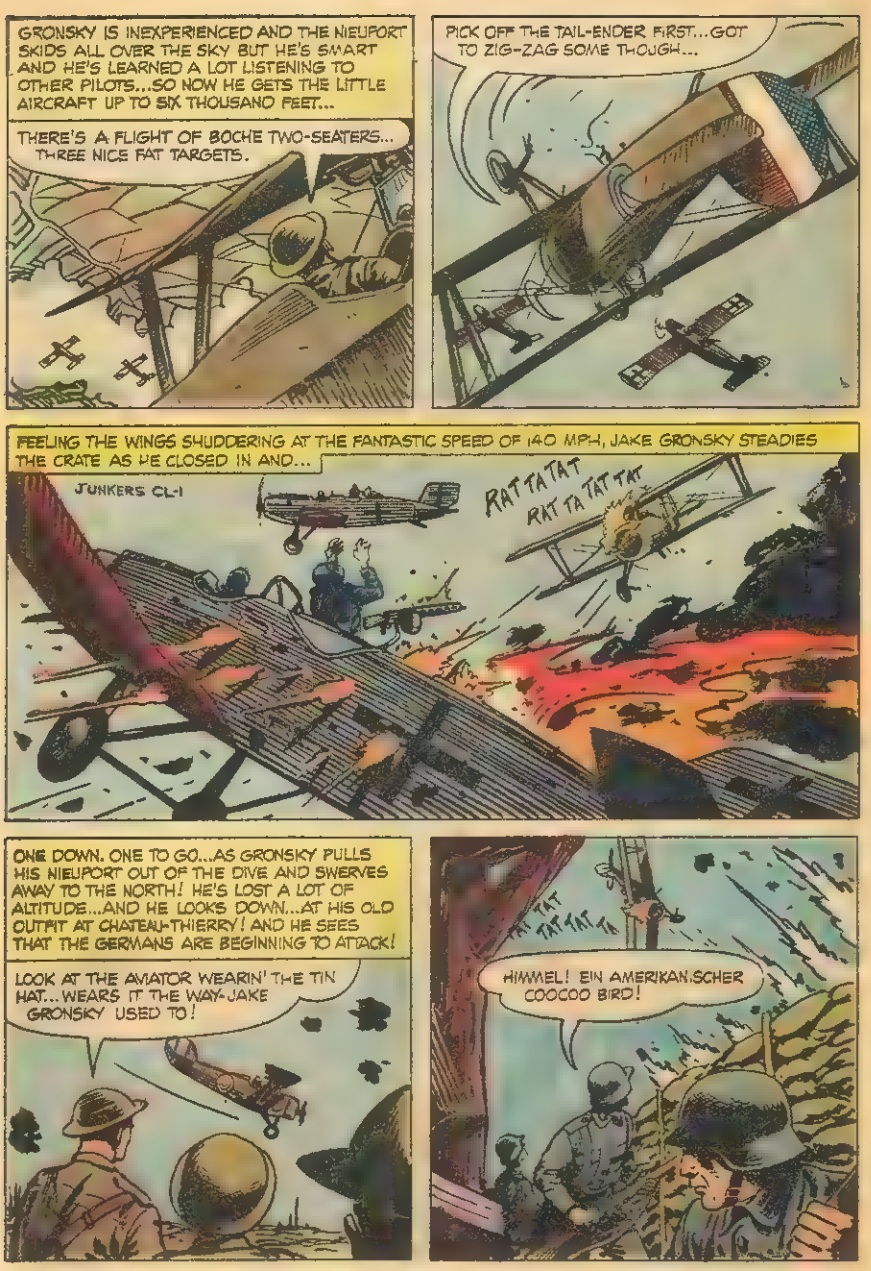
LISTEN BIG-MOUTH, YOU CALL ME OUTA NAME ONE MORE TIME AND I'LL FEED YA FIVE RIGHT WHERE YER TEETH USED TA BE!

STILL SPUTTERING APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN ROGERHAM ESCORTED THE DEMOLISHED GERMAN ACE TO A STAFF CAR OF SUITABLE ELEGANCE TO DELIVER BARON VON SCHLOSSER TO AN OFFICER'S PRISON CAMP! AND ANOTHER FLIER STEPPED FORWARD TO TALK TO VON SCHLOSSER'S NEMESIS!
I'M JIM HOLLIS, SOLDIER. YOU DID A GREAT JOB ON THAT GERMAN WINDBAG. DON'T MIND WHAT ROGERHAM SAID...THE REST OF US WOULDN'T STAND FOR ANYTHING HAPPENING TO YOU.

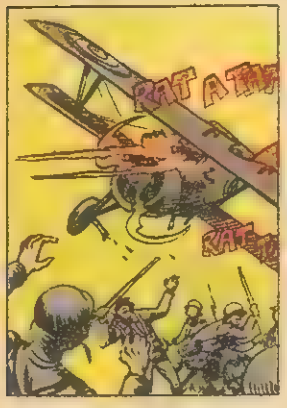
I FLY THIS CRATE. MY GUNNER WAS WOUNDED YESTERDAY AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET SOMEONE TO TAKE HIS PLACE! WILL YOU DO IT?
I'LL DO IT...IF YOU'LL TEACH ME HOW TO FLY!

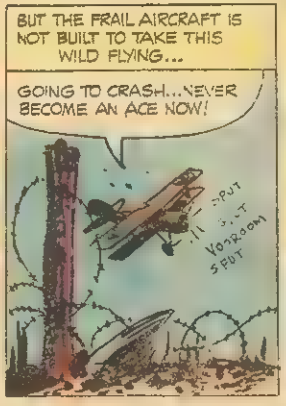

SO, WHEN THE OBSERVATION PLANE TOOK OFF ON THE DAWN PATROL, JAKE GRONSKY, DOUGH-BOY, WAS THE NEW MACHINE-GUNNER...
TEST YOUR GUNS AND BE READY FOR ACTION! VON SCHLOSSER'S SQUADRON WILL BE LOOKING FOR REVENGE!
SOPWITH 1½ STRUTTER
BOY, THIS BEATS LOOKIN' AT MUD WALLS IN THE TRENCHES!
FOKKERS AHEAD, GRONSKY! GET READY!
I GOT ONE, LIEUTENANT! I SHOT ONE DOWN!
WELL, DO IT AGAIN, JAKE! DON'T STOP NOW!
TAT TA TAT
IN A WEEK, JAKE GRONSKY HAD THREE VICTORIES... JIM HOLLIS HAD ONE WITH HIS GUNS...AND THE GENTLEMEN IN THE SQUADRON DIDN'T APPROVE AT ALL!
ONE SIDE, CAPTAIN...I PROMISED OLD JAKE I'D BUY HIM A ROUND IF HE GOT A BOCHE TODAY!
THIS CLUB IS FOR PILOTS, OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN. HE IS NOT ANY ONE OF THE THREE!
OFFICERS MESS

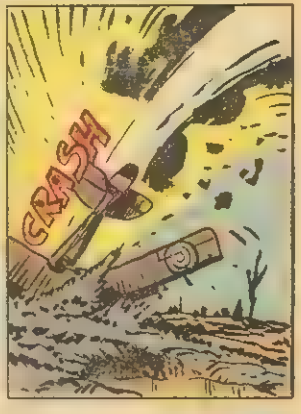
I'D LOVE TO KNOCK SOME OF THEM SHINY TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT, CAPTAIN!
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, PRIVATE GRONSKY!
OFFIC E-ME
THAT DOES IT!
POOR JAKE...HE'LL BE IN THE PEN FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS!
SPOK
THE SOUND OF THE BLOW STILL ECHOES ACROSS THE FIELD AS JAKE GRONSKY WHEELS AND SPRINTS TOWARD A NIEUPORT STANDING WITH ENGINE IDLING...
IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO RUN, JAKE! BETTER GIVE UP RIGHT NOW!
SORRY, LIEUTENANT. WATCH ME FLY THIS CRATE...ONE TIME BEFORE THEY STICK ME BEHIND BARS!
BRUUMM
I'VE GOT THREE JERRIES ALREADY... IF I GET TWO MORE I'LL BE THE ONLY ACE IN THE ARMY STOCKADE!

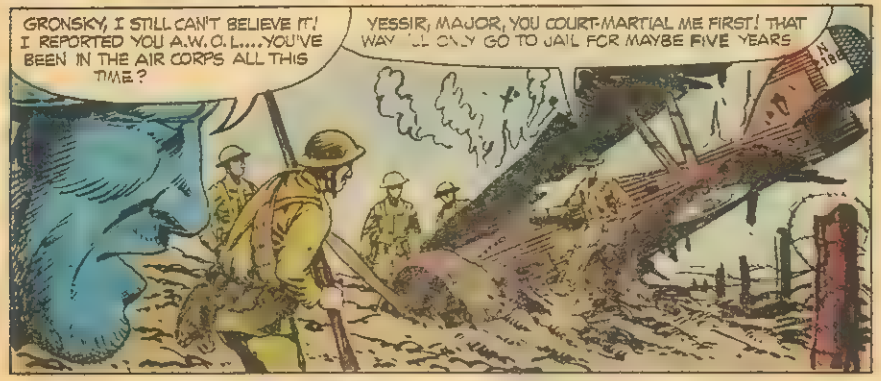

GRONSKY IS INEXPERIENCED AND THE NIEUPORT SKIDS ALL OVER THE SKY BUT HE'S SMART AND HE'S LEARNED A LOT LISTENING TO OTHER PILOTS...SO NOW HE GETS THE LITTLE AIRCRAFT UP TO SIX THOUSAND FEET...
THERE'S A FLIGHT OF BOCHE TWO-SEATERS... THREE NICE FAT TARGETS.
PICK OFF THE TAIL-ENDER FIRST...GOT TO ZIG-ZAG SOME THOUGH...
FEELING THE WINGS SHUDDERING AT THE FANTASTIC SPEED OF 140 MPH, JAKE GRONSKY STEADIES THE CRATE AS HE CLOSED IN AND...
JUNKERS CL-1
RAT TA TAT
RAT TA TAT TAT
ONE DOWN. ONE TO GO...AS GRONSKY PULLS HIS NIEUPORT OUT OF THE DIVE AND SWERVES AWAY TO THE NORTH! HE'S LOST A LOT OF ALTITUDE...AND HE LOOKS DOWN...AT HIS OLD OUTFIT AT CHATEAU-THIERRY! AND HE SEES THAT THE GERMANS ARE BEGINNING TO ATTACK!
LOOK AT THE AVIATOR WEARIN' THE TIN HAT... WEARS IT THE WAY-JAKE GRONSKY USED TO!
TAT TAT TAT TAT TA
HIMMEL! EIN AMERIKANISCHER COOCOO BIRD!

THE DEMORALIZED GERMAN INFANTRY MILL AROUND. PUZZLED TANK COMMANDERS TURN AWAY, AND THE ALLIES COUNTERATTACK...AS OVER THE TRENCHES THE "COOCOO BIRD" BUZZES WITH BLAZING GUNS!

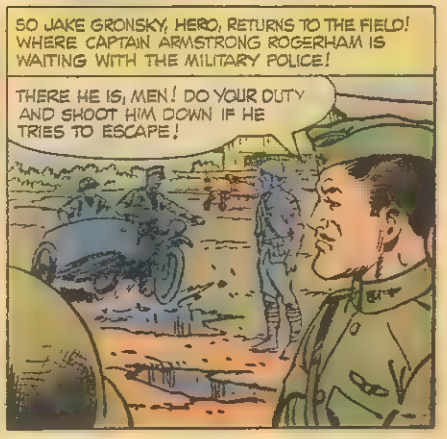



BUT THE FRAIL AIRCRAFT IS NOT BUILT TO TAKE THIS WILD FLYING...
GOING TO CRASH...NEVER BECOME AN ACE NOW!
SPUT SPUT VOOROOOM SPUT



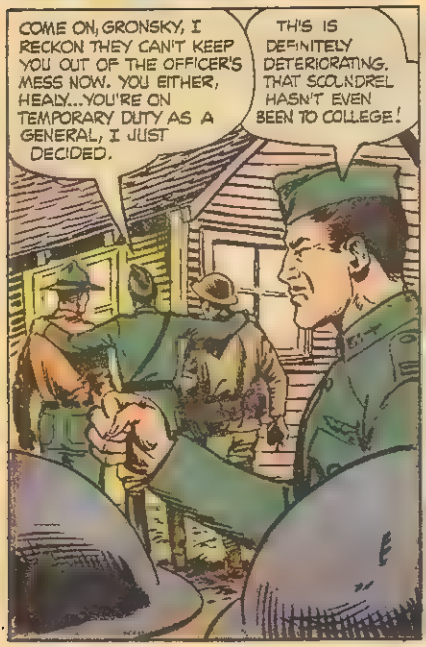

GRONSKY, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I REPORTED YOU A.W.O.L....YOU'VE BEEN IN THE AIR CORPS ALL THIS TIME?
YESSIR, MAJOR, YOU COURT-MARTIAL ME FIRST! THAT WAY I'LL ONLY GO TO JAIL FOR MAYBE FIVE YEARS

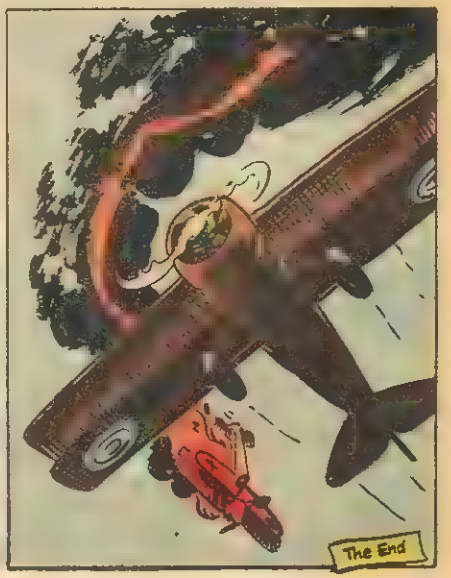
YOU'RE A HERO, JAKE! BESIDES, YOU CAN FLY AN AIRPLANE! YOU'RE NOT IN THE INFANTRY ANY MORE! I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR AIRFIELD!
I GUESS I OUGHTA SAY THANKS, MAJOR


SO JAKE GRONSKY, HERO, RETURNS TO THE FIELD! WHERE CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ROGERHAM IS WAITING WITH THE MILITARY POLICE!
THERE HE IS, MEN! DO YOUR DUTY AND SHOOT HIM DOWN IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE!

THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN! CAPTAIN ROGERHAM, FROTHING DISCREETLY, LEVELS AN ACCUSING FINGER AT THE UNGENTLEMANLY DOUGHBOY PILOT...
ARREST HIM! I HAVE UNDISPUTABLE PROOF THAT THIS CREATURE DARED TO STRIKE BARON VON SCHLOSSER ON ONE OCCASION AND MYSELF AT ANOTHER TIME! I HAVE TWO WITNESSES WHO...
KNOW SOMETHING, IRISH? I JUST GOT A BAD CASE OF AMNESIA...I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!

THE COLONEL HEARD ABOUT GRONSKY SHOOTIN' DOWN ONE OF THEM ARTILLERY SPOTTER PLANES AND HE TOLD ME HE'S GONNA MAKE GRONSKY AN OFFICER SOON AS HE SEES HIM, CAPTAIN! AS FOR ME BEIN' A WITNESS TO THE TIME HE KNOCKED YOUR TEETH OUT, I NEVER SEEN A THING!


COME ON, GRONSKY, I RECKON THEY CAN'T KEEP YOU OUT OF THE OFFICER'S MESS NOW. YOU EITHER, HEALY...YOU'RE ON TEMPORARY DUTY AS A GENERAL, I JUST DECIDED.
THIS IS DEFINITELY DETERIORATING. THAT SCOUNDREL HASN'T EVEN BEEN TO COLLEGE!


AND, SO...THE GENTLEMAN'S WAR CAME TO AN END AND JAKE GRONSKY, CAPTAIN, BECAME ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING WAR ACES...
The End

AIR WAR STORIES

LAST FLIGHT?

THESE THREE MEN, MAJOR JEROME LUKENS, COMMAND PILOT, MAJOR ALDIS WHITEHILL, AND CAPT. LOUIS DELVECCIO, ARE THE CREW OF THE BOEING B-47 STRATOJET WAITING ON THE LINE! THESE MEN ARE CAREER OFFICERS...THE BACKBONE OF THE AIR FORCE!

THEIR MISSION TODAY WAS TO TAKE OFF, FLY ON A PRESCRIBED COURSE NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE... PART OF THE STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND'S RETALIATORY FLEET WHICH IS CONSTANTLY AIRBORNE, ARMED WITH THE ULTIMATE WEAPONS, 24 HOURS OF EVERY DAY...

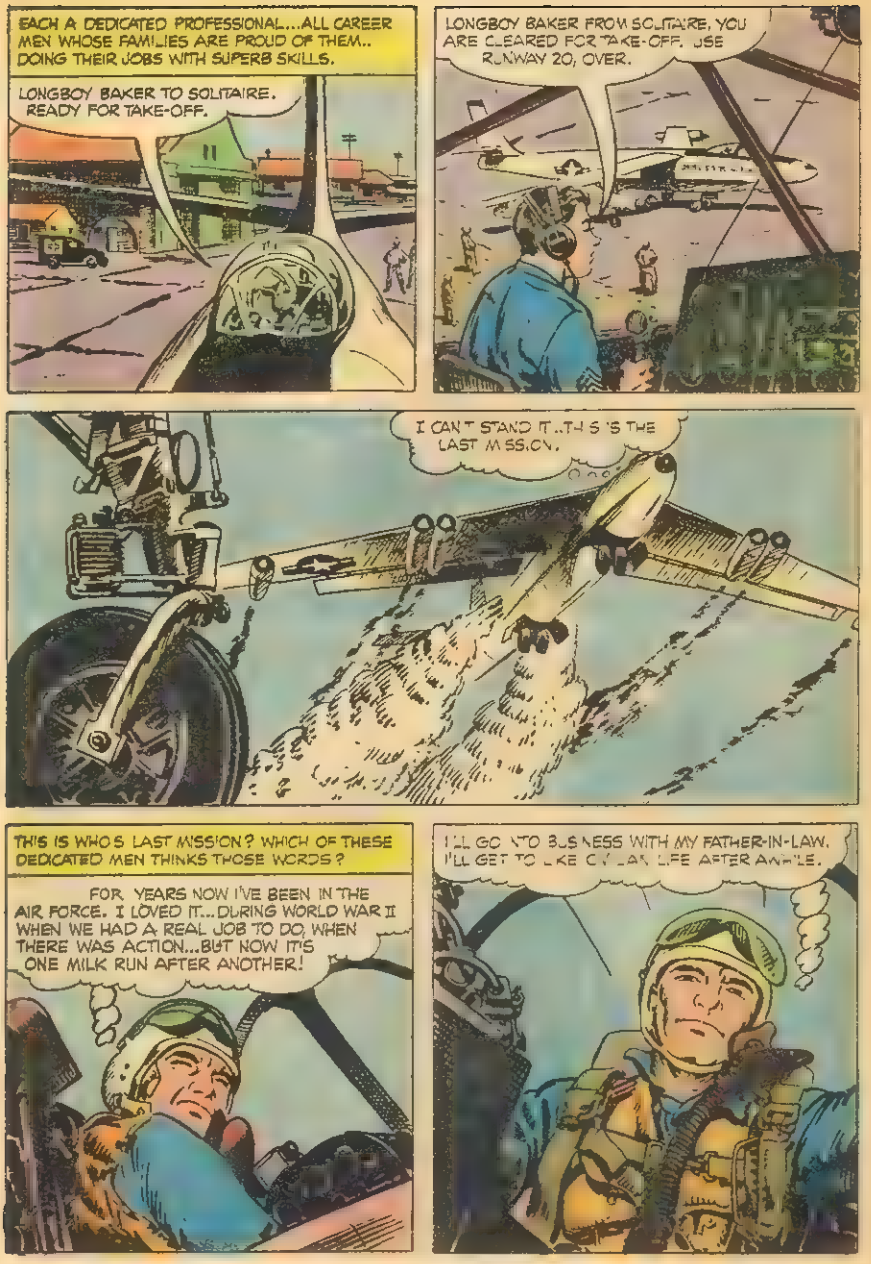
ANOTHER MILK RUN... I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE GLAD NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.

THE LAST WAR SUPPLIED ALL THE ACTION WE'LL EVER SEE. WHEN AND IF THERE'S ANOTHER WAR...IT WON'T LAST ANY LONGER THAN ONE HOUR AT THE MOST...

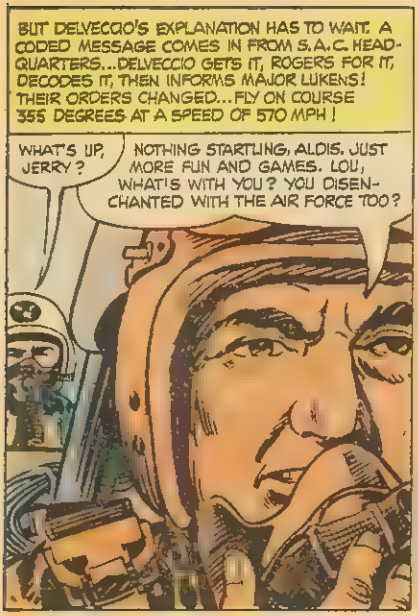
WE'LL, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, MAJOR. WANT TO START THE ROUTINE?

THERE'S A LONG, DETAILED CHECK-OFF LIST FOR EACH MEMBER OF A JET BOMBER CREW. THIS TIME, MAJOR WHITEHILL INSPECTS THE 90 TON BOMBER METICULOUSLY...

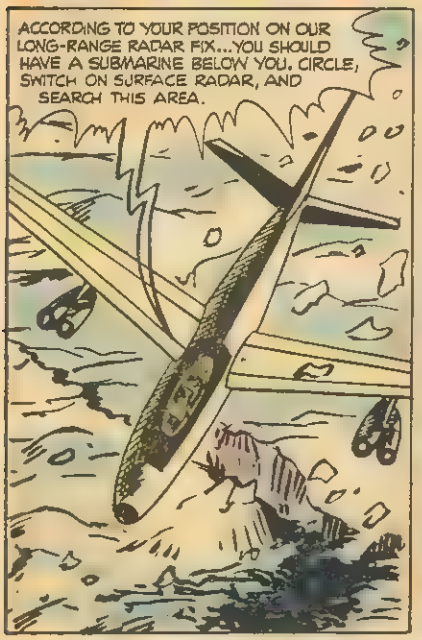
WHILE MAJOR LUKENS CHECKS THEIR FLIGHT PLAN AND CLEARS WITH THE TOWER, CAPT. DELVECCIO EXAMINES THE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT AND THE ARMAMENT SYSTEMS.

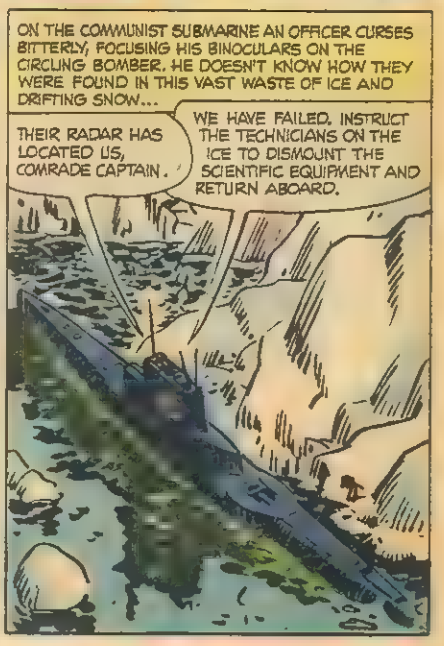

EACH A DEDICATED PROFESSIONAL...ALL CAREER MEN WHOSE FAMILIES ARE PROUD OF THEM.. DOING THEIR JOBS WITH SUPERB SKILLS.
LONGBOY BAKER TO SOLITAIRE. READY FOR TAKE-OFF.
LONGBOY BAKER FROM SOLITAIRE, YOU ARE CLEARED FOR TAKE-OFF. USE RUNWAY 20, OVER.
I CAN'T STAND IT..THIS IS THE LAST MISSION.
THIS IS WHO'S LAST MISSION? WHICH OF THESE DEDICATED MEN THINKS THOSE WORDS?
FOR YEARS NOW I'VE BEEN IN THE AIR FORCE. I LOVED IT... DURING WORLD WAR II WHEN WE HAD A REAL JOB TO DO, WHEN THERE WAS ACTION...BUT NOW IT'S ONE MILK RUN AFTER ANOTHER!
I'LL GO INTO BUSINESS WITH MY FATHER-IN-LAW. I'LL GET TO LIKE CIVILIAN LIFE AFTER AWHILE.

BEHIND HIM, NAVIGATOR WALTER ... GRAPPLES WITH HIS CONSCIENCE. HE IS SAVAGELY ANGRY AT HIS OWN INDECISION...
AN EIGHT HOUR FLIGHT ... NOT ONE BLASTED THING TO ... I JOINED THE AIR FORCE BECAUSE I LIKED ACTION...
... GO APE IF I JUST KEEP FLYING THESE ARCTIC RUNS. I WOULDN'T MIND SO MUCH IF...
...IF I COULD JUST THINK THIS WAS DOING ANY GOOD!
CAPTAIN DELVECCIO'S WORDS ARE THE ONLY ONES SAID ALOUD...AND HIS MICROPHONE IS OPEN! THERE, CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, HIS TWO COMPANIONS HEARD LOU DELVECCIO'S ANGRY SNARL...
WHAT DID YOU SAY LOU?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... DOING ANY GOOD?


BUT DELVECCIO'S EXPLANATION HAS TO WAIT. A CODED MESSAGE COMES IN FROM S.A.C. HEADQUARTERS...DELVECCIO GETS IT, ROGERS FOR IT, DECODES IT, THEN INFORMS MAJOR LUKENS! THEIR ORDERS CHANGED...FLY ON COURSE 355 DEGREES AT A SPEED OF 570 MPH!
WHAT'S UP, JERRY?
NOTHING STARTLING, ALDIS. JUST MORE FUN AND GAMES. LOU, WHAT'S WITH YOU? YOU DISENCHANTED WITH THE AIR FORCE TOO?

AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING CORNY, GENTLEMEN, I JOINED THE AIR FORCE WITH THE THOUGHT THAT I WAS DOING SOMETHING FOR MY COUNTRY. I'D STAY IN FOR FIFTY YEARS IF I WAS DOING ANY GOOD...BUT I JUST DON'T THINK THIS TRIP IS NECESSARY!


ACCORDING TO YOUR POSITION ON OUR LONG-RANGE RADAR FIX...YOU SHOULD HAVE A SUBMARINE BELOW YOU. CIRCLE, SWITCH ON SURFACE RADAR, AND SEARCH THIS AREA.


ON THE COMMUNIST SUBMARINE AN OFFICER CURSES BITTERLY, FOCUSING HIS BINOCULARS ON THE CIRCLING BOMBER. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW THEY WERE FOUND IN THIS VAST WASTE OF ICE AND DRIFTING SNOW...
THEIR RADAR HAS LOCATED US, COMRADE CAPTAIN.
WE HAVE FAILED. INSTRUCT THE TECHNICIANS ON THE ICE TO DISMOUNT THE SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT AND RETURN ABOARD.

ABOARD THE B-47 LONG THOROUGH TRAINING IS PAYING OFF. CAPTAIN DELVECCIO USES HIS RADAR EXPERTLY...RADIOES THE POSITION AND OTHER PERTINENT DATA. MAJOR LIKENS TAKES HIS FAST JET BOMBER DOWN LOWER. WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE ACTIVATED, THE BIG EVIL EGG IN THE BOMB BAY IS READY...AND THE ENEMY BELOW KNOWS IT ONLY TOO WELL!

LOOK AT 'EM SCRAMBLE ABOARD! THEY'RE LEAVING HALF THEIR GEAR ON THE ICE!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE NERVE? SETTING UP EQUIPMENT LIKE THAT WITHIN 400 MILES OF THE CANADIAN BORDER!

U.S. AIR FORCE

YOU TWO, DO ME A FAVOR? FORGET I EVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY! I JUST GOT MY ANSWER... IF WE DIDN'T COME ALONG, THEY'D HAVE A BASE IN OUR BACK YARD!

IT'S FORGOTTEN, LOU. MATTER OF FACT...MAYBE I WASN'T TOO SURE THE AIR FORCE IS THE GREATEST EITHER!

HERE COMES LONGBOY BAKER FROM ANOTHER MILK R..N.

THEY WALK AWAY FROM THE BOEING STRATOFORT...TIRED BUT WITH MORE SPRING IN THEIR STRIDE THAN WHEN THEY'D STARTED ON THEIR "LAST MISSION"...

KNOW WHAT, MAJOR? WHEN WE STARTED OUT... I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE MY LAST MISSION! WHAT A LOAD IT IS OFF MY MIND NOW THAT I DECIDED TO STAY IN THE AIR FORCE!

I WAS SORT OF TEETERING MYSELF, LOU! I WAS TEMPTED TO GO FOR SOME OF MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S BIG MONEY... BUT I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT!

I COME FROM A BIG FAMILY. EIGHT BROTHERS, RICH LAWYERS, A RICH DOCTOR...A STOCKBROKER... AND KNOW WHO THEY ALL ENVY? ME!! THEY BRAG ABOUT THE BROTHER WHO'S A JET PILOT! WHAT A CHUMP I'D BE TO GIVE IT UP!

AMEN, BROTHER! AMEN!

US AIR FORCE

The End

AIR WAR STORIES

WHO'S CHICKEN?

THE REST OF THE CREW TREATED LT. NORMAN BISSELL WITH AFFECTIONATE CONTEMPT. THE QUIET, STUDIOUS NAVIGATOR ALWAYS WORE HIS RUBBERS WHEN IT RAINED, CARRIED AN UMBRELLA WHEN HE SAW A CLOUD IN THE SKY, AND HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE A HEAD COLD. LT. BISSELL BELIEVED IN SAFETY FIRST...A DIFFICULT SLOGAN TO OBSERVE WHEN YOU'RE PART OF A B-17 AIR CREW WITH THE 8TH AIR FORCE FLYING MISSIONS OVER NAZI GERMANY IN THE SUMMER OF 1943...

HEY, COWBOY, PRISSY BISSY WANTS TO TURN BACK BECAUSE HIS WRIST WATCH STOPPED!

YOU MEAN LT. BISSELL? WHY DO YOU CALL HIM THAT?

YOU'LL KNOW AFTER YOU FLY A FEW MISSIONS WITH HIM.

I CAN'T NAVIGATE WITHOUT AN ACCURATE CHRONOMETER CAPTAIN LOOMIS!

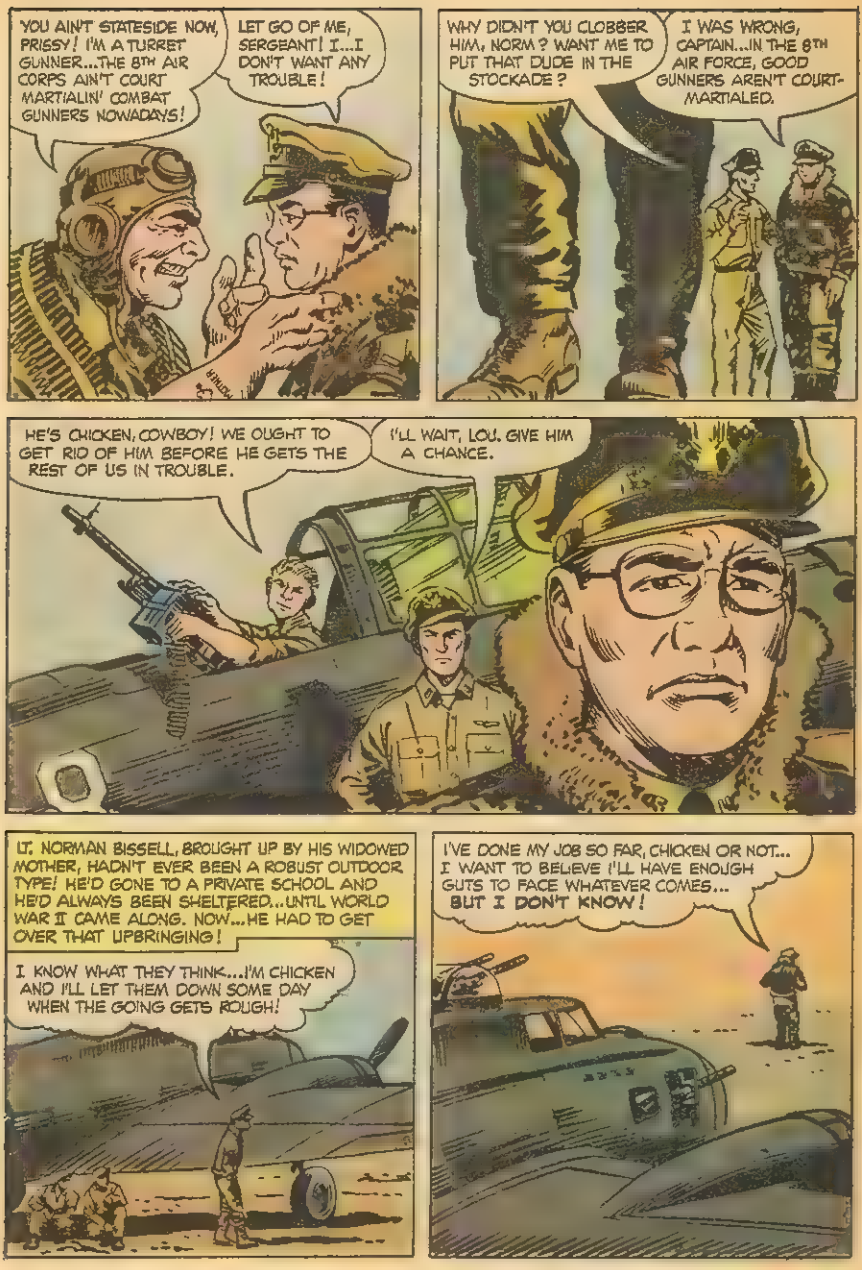
WANTA BORROW MY MICKEY MOUSE WATCH LEUTENANT?

MAP MARK

RADIO HITLER...TELL HIM TO STOP THE WAR. PRISSY BISSELL HAS TO GET HIS WATCH FIXED!

RECKON HE'S A MITE CAREFUL...BUT HE DOES A NICE JOB NAVIGATIN' US THERE, THEN NAVIGATIN' US HOME AGAIN!

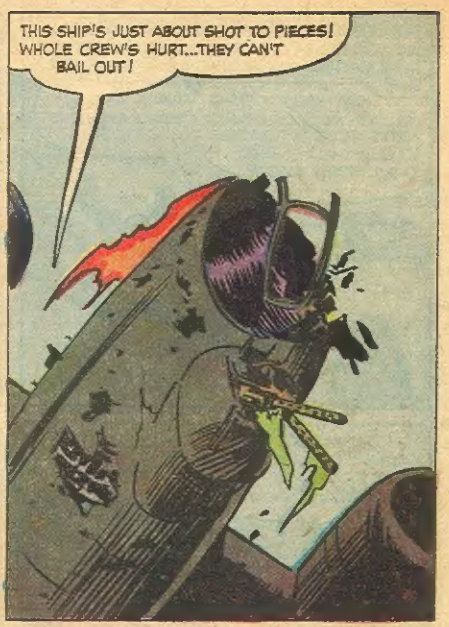
OVER THE TARGET WHEN HE BECAME THE BOMBARDIER LT. BISSELL FUNCTIONED WITH HIS USUAL EFFICIE
GOTTA GIVE PRISSY CREDIT...WHEN HE'S ON A BOMB RUN, HE DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ACK-ACK OR FIGHTERS!
WUP
WUP
KAZZLEENG
BOMBS AWAY, CAPTAIN...
HOPE YOU GOT 'EM ON TARGET NORM
WUP
WUP
WUP
I ALWAYS DROP MY BOMBS ON TARGET, CAPTAIN LOOMIS!
AT BASE, IN ENGLAND, LT. BISSELL WAS MISERABLE HE DIDN'T LIKE THE CLIMATE...
I KNOW, I KNOW!
IT STOPPED RAININ' TWO HOURS AGO, LIEUTENANT!
HEY, PRISSY, THE SKIPPER WANTS YOU IN OPS.
SGT. RUDZUK, IF YOU ADDRESS ME DISRESPECTFULLY AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU COURTMARTIALED.


YOU AIN'T STATESIDE NOW, PRISSY! I'M A TURRET GUNNER...THE 8TH AIR CORPS AIN'T COURT MARTIALIN' COMBAT GUNNERS NOWADAYS!
LET GO OF ME, SERGEANT! I...I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE!
WHY DIDN'T YOU CLOBBER HIM, NORM? WANT ME TO PUT THAT DUDE IN THE STOCKADE?
I WAS WRONG, CAPTAIN...IN THE 8TH AIR FORCE, GOOD GUNNERS AREN'T COURT-MARTIALED.
HE'S CHICKEN, COWBOY! WE OUGHT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS THE REST OF US IN TROUBLE.
I'LL WAIT, LOU. GIVE HIM A CHANCE.
LT. NORMAN BISSELL, BROUGHT UP BY HIS WIDOWED MOTHER, HADN'T EVER BEEN A ROBUST OUTDOOR TYPE! HE'D GONE TO A PRIVATE SCHOOL AND HE'D ALWAYS BEEN SHELTERED...UNTIL WORLD WAR II CAME ALONG. NOW...HE HAD TO GET OVER THAT UPBRINGING!
I KNOW WHAT THEY THINK...I'M CHICKEN AND I'LL LET THEM DOWN SOME DAY WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH!
I'VE DONE MY JOB SO FAR, CHICKEN OR NOT... I WANT TO BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ENOUGH GUTS TO FACE WHATEVER COMES... BUT I DON'T KNOW!

MISSION AT DAWN...TAKE OFF 0545 HOURS.... BOMB RAILROAD YARDS AND DOCKS AT HAMBURG...AND RETURN!
THEY'VE GOT PLENTY OF ACK-ACK, NORM, ESPECIALLY AROUND THE RAILROAD YARDS! DON'T DROP THE LOAD PREMATURELY...
CAREFUL, SKIP...I THINK PRISSY'S GONNA FAINT ON US!
THAT MORON WAS ALMOST RIGHT..I DID ALMOST FAINT! I'M SICK TO MY STOMACH...
WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE THE REST OF THEM?
YOU OKAY, NORM? YOU LOOKED A MITE PEAKED JUST BEFORE TAKE-OFF.
I'LL BE OKAY, SIR! GOT A LITTLE INDIGESTION, THAT'S ALL.
JUST THE SAME, I BET PRISSY BISSY WILL FOUL US UP IF WE EVER GET IN A JAM!

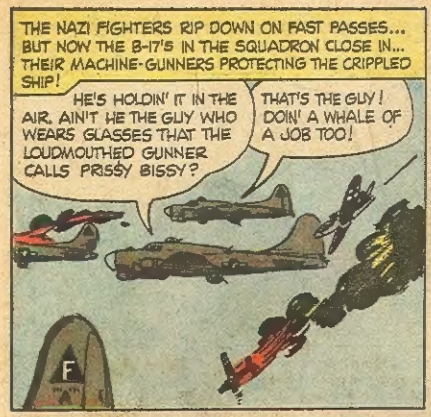
OVER HAMBURG THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE IS WORSE THAN THEY'D EXPECTED! AND ONE EXPLODING 88 M.M. SHELL SMASHES INTO THE TAIL GUNNER'S TURRET...
BANDIT AT FOUR O'CLOCK LOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER BACK THERE?
ALL GUN POSITIONS KNOCKED OUT, CAPTAIN. NOW, HOLD HER ON THIS COURSE SO I CAN DROP THE BOMBS!
YOU GOT IT NORM... MAKE THEM GOOD
STEADY...STEADY... BOMBS AWAY!
TAKE THE CONTROLS, CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN? TAKE THE SHIP OFF AUTOPILOT, I...CAPTAIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
BAM
IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T GET THAT MESSERSCHMITT, WE'LL BE SHOT DOWN. HE'S GOING TO TAKE HIS NEXT PASS FROM BEHIND. THE NAZI KNOWS THE TAIL-GUNNER'S SHOT UP
BISSELL DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS GUNNER INTO THE CRAWLWAY AND TAKES THE TWIN .30 CAL GUNS! HIS BURST CATCHES THE CARELESS NAZI FULL FACE!
WHAM
RAT TAT T

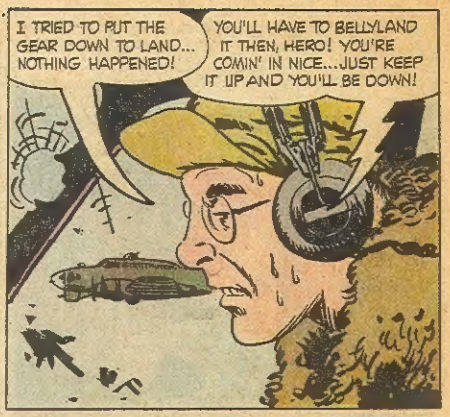
HURRYING FORWARD TOWARD THE COCKPIT, LT. BISSELL HEARS THE WILD YAMMER OF NAZI GUNS... AND HE KNOWS THE BOEING FORTRESS CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE!
PRISSY'S FIGHTING 'EM OFF! I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHAM


THIS SHIP'S JUST ABOUT SHOT TO PIECES! WHOLE CREW'S HURT...THEY CAN'T BAIL OUT!

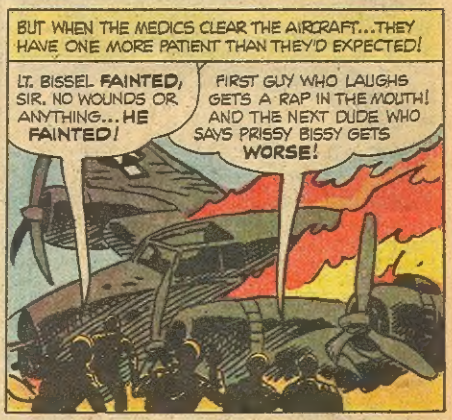
YOU'RE A CHUMP, PRISSY...IF YOU HAD ANY SENSE, YOU'D SAVE YOURSELF!
DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT, COWBOY...I'M CHICKEN, REMEMBER?

BISSELL GETS THE FIRE OUT, THEN LIFTS THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN OUT OF THE PILOT'S CHAIR. HE CAN'T FLY... BUT HE CAN DIE TRYING!
THIS IS THE NAVIGATOR IN BRONCO BUSTER. CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO TO GET THIS BUS BACK TO ENGLAND?
I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, BISSELL! HOW THAT SHIP STAYS AIRBORNE, I'LL NEVER KNOW! HOW MUCH FLYIN' TIME YOU GOT?


THE NAZI FIGHTERS RIP DOWN ON FAST PASSES... BUT NOW THE B-17'S IN THE SQUADRON CLOSE IN... THEIR MACHINE-GUNNERS PROTECTING THE CRIPPLED SHIP!
HE'S HOLDIN' IT IN THE AIR, AIN'T HE THE GUY WHO WEARS GLASSES THAT THE LOUDMOUTHED GUNNER CALLS PRISSY BISSY?
THAT'S THE GUY! DOIN' A WHALE OF A JOB TOO!


I TRIED TO PUT THE GEAR DOWN TO LAND... NOTHING HAPPENED!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BELLYLAND IT THEN, HERO! YOU'RE COMIN' IN NICE...JUST KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL BE DOWN!

WE GOT TO EVACUATE THE CREW...THAT SHIP'S HALFWAY ON FIRE ALREADY! FROM WHAT BISSELL SAYS, HE'S THE ONLY MAN ABOARD WHO'S ABLE TO WALK!
SKREEE


BUT WHEN THE MEDICS CLEAR THE AIRCRAFT...THEY HAVE ONE MORE PATIENT THAN THEY'D EXPECTED!
LT. BISSEL FAINTED, SIR. NO WOUNDS OR ANYTHING... HE FAINTED!
FIRST GUY WHO LAUGHS GETS A RAP IN THE MOUTH! AND THE NEXT DUDE WHO SAYS PRISSY BISSY GETS WORSE!

WHAT WE NEED TO WIN THIS WAR IS LESS HEROES AND MORE GUYS LIKE NORM BISSELL WHO ARE A LITTLE BIT CHICKEN...EXCEPT WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!
The End

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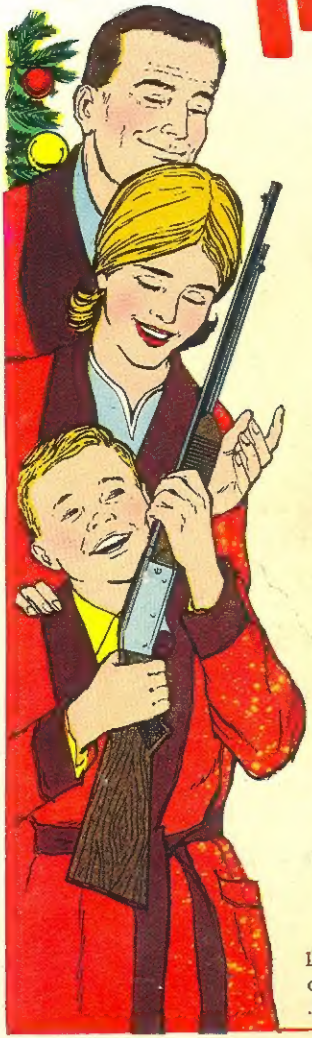
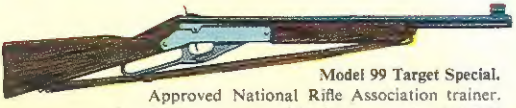
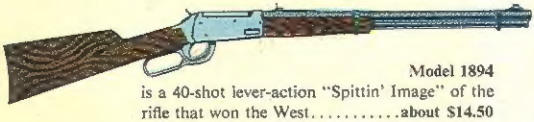
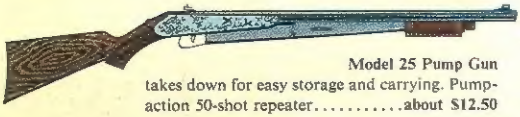




Model 99 Target Special.
Approved National Rifle Association trainer. 50-shot repeater, with sling.....about $16.50



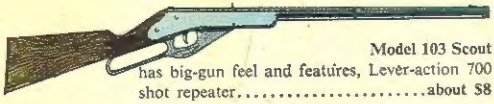
Model 1894
is a 40-shot lever-action "Spittin' Image" of the rifle that won the West.....about $14.50



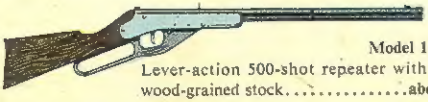
Model 25 Pump Gun
takes down for easy storage and carrying. Pump-action 50-shot repeater.....about $12.50

Model 95 Woodstock
is DAISY's 700-shot B•B Gun version of a modern sporting rifle.....about $10.50

Model 111 Western Carbine
has simulated silver engraving. Lever-action 700 shot repeater.....about $9.50



Model 103 Scout
has big-gun feel and features, Lever-action 700 shot repeater.....about $8



Model 102 Cub.
Lever-action 500-shot repeater with durable wood-grained stock.....about $5.98

Left: **New Model 26 "Spittin' Image"**
of one of America's most popular slide-action .22 repeaters. 45-shot.....**about $18**

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